Teen And Up Audiences

Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Gen

The Octonauts (Cartoon)

Captain Barnacles (Octonauts)
Tweak (Octonauts)
Kwazii (Octonauts)
Professor Inkling (Octonauts)
Peso (Octonauts)
Shellington (Octonauts)
Dashi (Octonauts)

Angst
Dissociation
Derealization
Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD
Flashbacks
Emptiness
Captain Barnacles centric
Hurricanes & Typhoons
Numbness
Trauma
headcanons
My first fic
How Do I Tag
English Read Again 010506

Detached

rivvyn

Summary:

He felt like he was on autopilot.

Sometimes it was his default when he got stressed. When a disaster comes out of the blue and he has to be the one to save them all, when the mission seems like something he can't handle, and when he has to put on a brave face for his crew, he shuts down and detaches his mind from his body.

He goes numb, completely numb, and his body moves without a second thought. He becomes the Captain everyone knows him to be; fearless and reliable. Even as fear makes his blood freeze, he doesn't show that he's scared. He straightens his back, takes in a breath, and moves.

–

Or: Captain Barnacles' detaching himself from a stressful situation that brings back unhappy memories.

Notes:

TW: THIS FANFIC CONTAINS DISSOCIATION/DEREALIZATION

READ AT YOUR OWN RISK!!

(See the end of the work for more notes (#work_endnotes) .)

He doesn't feel like he's there.

He doesn't feel like he's the one barking the orders to his crew. He doesn't feel like the one steering the Octopod away from the hurricane. He doesn't feel his paws on the steering wheel, or the bile rising in his throat at every twist and turn.

He doesn't feel *anything.*

The day had started like it always did.

Barnacles woke up to his alarm blaring in his ears, forcing him to get out of bed. He made it, neat and tidy as always, hummed to a simple sea shanty as he folded the blankets. Then he jumped down the chute, to the bathroom, where he could brush his teeth and get himself ready for the day.

His routine went like it did all the time.

He zipped up the cold suit, tucking the rest of his thick fur underneath his sleeves, and slipped on his boots. He brushed his teeth. He spat out the minty toothpaste, and looked up in the mirror to floss.

Then it hit.

The Octopod shook roughly, tossing Barnacles to the side.

He crashed into the shower curtain, bringing the metal bar down with him.

What was going on?

He forced himself up, adjusting the hat on his head. He needed to find out.

“It’s a hurricane, Captain!” Dashi yelled, holding onto the dashboard for dear life as the Octopod rode the waves. Violently. “I-i tried to inform everyone, but then it just hit and– woAH!”

They tossed this way, then that way, then this way again, and Barnacles felt the remains of breakfast make its way up again. He stood as steady as he could, but with the rapid direction change, he felt like he was on a rollercoaster.

And just like on the rollercoaster, he was *terrified.*

He couldn’t do this, he realized. It reminded him of that day on his old ship, when it creaked under his feet, and it tossed him all the wrong ways. He couldn’t do it. He was scared.

“I-” He stuttered, frozen. Usually, he had all the right words to say, the bravery to get through any situation, the confidence to get his crew moving. But it reminded him, so badly, of that day. The day he lost everyone.

“I ca– i need-” Everyone stared at him, wide eyed and terrified. They were scared, too.

They were depending on him.

It weighed down on him, the realization dawning on him and crushing his chest until he couldn’t breathe, that they were looking up at him, hopeful that he would do something. Hopeful they would lead them out of this nightmare.

They wanted him to get them out of this.

I can’t do it, He thought. Then: *Even if I can't, I have to.*

Because he was a Captain. He wasn’t allowed to back down now.

And it happened again.

Slowly, he slipped away.

He detached. His mind pulled away from his body, away from anything that could hurt him. Suddenly, the nails that dug into his skin didn't feel like his. The sound of the Octopod being hurled around violently (and the screams of his crewmates that reminded him of *them)* was muffled. The view in front of him felt different, like he was watching a memory happen again.

He didn't feel there anymore. He felt miles away.

He detached.

Then he felt himself move.

"Tweak!" He heard his voice, but it felt different. It sounded like his voice, that deep, booming Captain's voice, but it didn't feel like it belonged to him. He felt like it was someone else who held his voice, someone else who wasn't him leading the Octonauts to safety. "Get down to the Launch bay and secure the Gups!"

He watched, far away, as the green rabbit nodded feverishly, then jumped down the Octohatch.

"Shellington, get the Vegimals somewhere safe!" The otter ran off. "Kwazii, go help Tweak!" He jumped down. "Peso, Inkling, secure the rest of the rooms!" They left.

He watched as he ran to the dashboard, his large paw slamming down on the Steering Wheel button. Then he ran back, jumping on the platform with no time to spare.

Here comes his least favorite part.

In front of him, feeling far out of reach, he grabs the Steering Wheel. "Dashi, activate Manual steering."

The Octopod shifts under his feet. It's up to him now.

He hated when it was all up to him.

He was driving the Octopod. The ship.

The Steering Wheel started to feel like it again. The wheel he kept hung in his room. His grip tightened, or perhaps loosened? He couldn't feel it.

"Dashi," The voice rumbles again. "Which way?"

"Right!"

He watches the large, white paws turn. The entire ship follows.

He doesn't want to do this. He doesn't want to watch this.

That day still haunts him, no matter how many times he tries to push it out of his mind; the screaming, the waves thrashing around him, the burning in his lungs, the last words of his friends, everything still feels so alive and it was killing him inside.

"Now Left, Captain!"

The paws make the wheel turn left.

And then he can't hear her.

No, he *can* hear her, but he doesn't feel like he can hear her. Like someone shoved a pillow into his ears: everything is muffled.

He can't hear them.

He watches the– *his* body move. He felt like everything was from a video. A video he was rewatching right now. He wasn't there. He doesn't feel there.

So he's leading them from miles away. He feels like he wasn't on the ship at all.

But he's right there.

It's over after a while.

Everyone cheers for the Captain, and he forces a polite smile and a few chuckles.

But he isn't there. He doesn't feel there.

He hasn't come back yet.

So he sneaks away, as everyone calms down and opts for some hanging out, he makes an excuse and leaves. He doesn't remember what the excuse was.

But then he was in the bathroom, staring at the bear in the mirror.

Its gaze flickers from eye to eye, both glossed over and void of emotion. It's hunched over, staring with a blank expression on its face. Barnacles tries to move his face, and he sees it move the way he wants it to, but it still doesn't *feel* like his face.

It scared him, the emptiness he saw in his features, his deep blue eyes.

It doesn't feel like his body.

He still doesn't feel here, or there, or wherever his body was and his mind wasn't.

He wants to celebrate with his crew, joke around with Kwazii and talk with Peso. Play twister with Tweak or chess with Shellington. Look at Dashi's photos, listen to Inkling's stories, taste the delicious baked goods of the Vegimals.

He wants to get out there and do something, anything, just to feel again.

But he’s numb.
Too numb.

But then it– he sighs. He had to wait it out.

He always had to wait it out.

He twists the doorknob, putting on his signature smile of reassurance, and walks out the door.

Notes:

hiii so i got finished with my first ever fic and hope to be posting more soon!
hope you liked it <33

Close (#)